

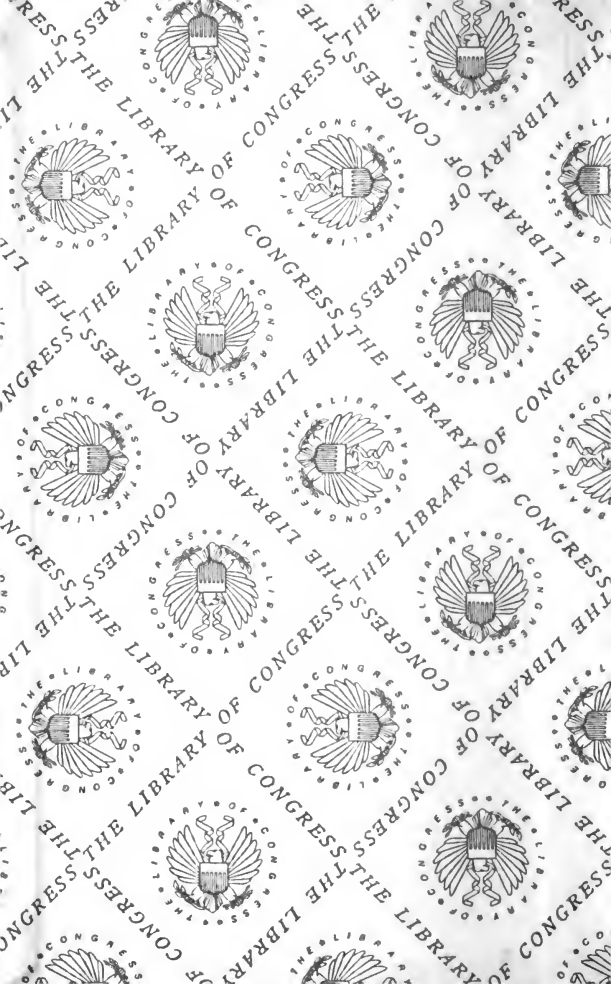
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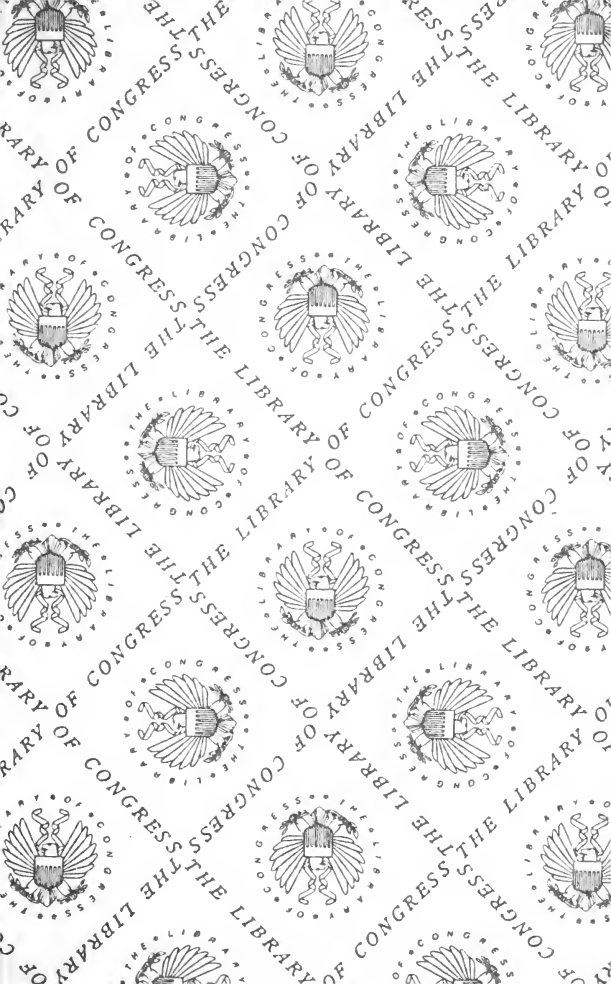
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# *In The Pastures Of The Green*

*And Other Poems*

BY  
HENRY M. HOPEWELL



CHICAGO, 1915



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## IN THE PASTURES OF THE GREEN

When the dew is on the meadow  
And the turtle dove is seen  
And the cattle all are feeding  
In the pastures of the green,  
When the air is soft and balmy  
With the coming of the spring  
And the sun is shining brightly  
With the growth of every thing,  
And the home folk are delighted  
For the cleaning has begun  
With the airing of the carpets  
In the early morning sun,  
And the house plants all are taken  
To the lawn in open air,  
Then the dew is on the meadow  
And the turtle dove is seen  
And the cattle all are feeding  
In the pastures of the green.



---

## IN THE PASTURES OF THE GREEN

---

When the hill sides all are colored  
With the verdure of the spring  
And the birds are busy looking  
For a place to nest and sing,  
When the frogs are quaintly croaking  
As they leap about the pool  
And the barefoot boy is whistling  
As he trudges off to school,  
When the apple trees are blooming  
With the blossoms pink and red  
And the honey bees are searching  
For a place to gather bread;  
O, there's pleasure in the fragrance  
Of the odor in the air,  
And the dew is on the meadow  
And the turtle dove is seen  
And the cattle all are feeding  
In the pastures of the green.

When the time has come for outing  
And the holidays begin  
And the bluebird and the robin  
Find a place to nestle in,



---

## IN THE PASTURES OF THE GREEN

---

When the bumblebee is seeking  
For its food in early spring  
And the humming bird is chirping  
As it flits about on wing,  
When the meadow-lark is singing  
As it flies about the field  
And the farmer is surmising  
What the coming crop will yield,  
And the clover fields are charming  
With the fragrance everywhere,  
Then the dew is on the meadow  
And the turtle dove is seen  
And the cattle all are feeding  
In the pastures of the green.

When the breeze is gently wafting  
Over meadows sweet to see  
And the reaper is preparing  
For the harvest yet to be,  
When the sparkling water's flowing  
Over pebbles in the brook  
And the lovers go a strolling  
In the shadows of the nook,



---

## IN THE PASTURES OF THE GREEN

---

When the landscape is a beauty  
And the forest scenes are fine  
And the day is bright and pleasant  
For the use of hook and line,  
When the floating clouds above us  
Are seen flitting in the sky,  
Then the dew is on the meadow  
And the turtle dove is seen  
And the cattle all are feeding  
In the pastures of the green.



## BOYHOOD DAYS

'Twas many years ago in a thinly settled  
wood

I lived when but a boy in a friendly neighborhood

Down by the river bank, where the landscape had a charm—

I've blest the day so oft that I lived upon a farm.

There many years I dwelt and I strolled  
along the streams

And roamed about the woods in a pleasant  
day of dreams.

The fishing time would come in the early part  
of spring

And with my hook and line I would think  
myself a king.



---

## BOYHOOD DAYS

---

And later in the season I'd fish throughout  
the night,  
And early in the morning I'd have a feast  
in sight.

I'd stroll about the fields in the pleasant summer time  
And listen to the birds with their music sweet  
and fine.

The work upon the farm was a task I had  
to do,  
Nor was it ever easy, the country then was  
new.

Nor did we have the tools that the farmers  
have to-day,  
With sickle and with scythe we would always cut the hay.

And when the corn was planted, with hands  
we'd drop the seeds  
And with the single shovel would keep it  
clear of weeds.



---

## BOYHOOD DAYS

---

The woods were full of berries, we'd gather  
them to can,

In early days of living we always had to plan.

When summer time had gone and the autumn  
would appear

'Twas fun to gather nuts when the leaves  
were brown and sear.

The hickory nuts were many, great quantities  
were found,

They'd fallen from the trees and lay scat-  
tered on the ground.

And hazel nuts were gathered when first the  
frost had come,

The husks would quickly wither, we'd hull  
them one by one.

In winter time I'd hunt where the rabbits  
come and go,

I'd chase them through the woods and shoot  
them in the snow.



---

---

## BOYHOOD DAYS

---

I had a yoke of calves, and I'd hitch them  
to a sleigh,  
I'd take the girls out riding upon a wintry  
day.

The sport was fine as could be, the girls  
would always go,  
I seldom ever went but I spilled them in the  
snow.

I went to school in winter a portion of the  
time,  
I'd stay away to work when the weather  
would be fine.

The house was built of logs in the good old-  
fashioned way,  
The boys would gather fuel to warm it  
through the day.

I made my bow and arrows, I'd shoot at  
birds on wing,  
But ne'er do I remember of hitting anything.



---

## BOYHOOD DAYS

---

I made my little wagon and things with which  
to play,  
None other was more happy, nor any one  
to-day.

My mother carded wool and she spun it into  
thread,  
She dyed it with the colors of black and blue  
and red;

She wove it into cloth in the summer time  
and fall,  
And made it into garments for children of  
us all.

She'd knit our socks and mits in the evening  
by the fire,  
She'd all the work she cared for or woman  
should desire.

The house work then was simple and car-  
pets were but few,  
I also think that living was simple, good and  
true.



---

---

## BOYHOOD DAYS

---

Down by the river bank where the land-  
scape had a charm,  
I've blest the day so oft that I lived upon  
a farm.



## THE DAYS THAT ARE FLEETING

The days that are fleeting for man on the  
earth

Give pleasure and sorrow from time of his  
birth;

He lives and he hopes, though a care and a  
slave

From childhood through life till he reaches  
the grave.

The high and the low, and the base and the  
just,

Together they lie where they molder in dust;  
The youth in his strength and the prime of  
his day

Has joined in the throng that are sleeping  
in clay.

The mother that suckled the babe at her  
breast



---

## THE DAYS THAT ARE FLEETING

---

And taught to her children the ways of the  
blest

Has fallen asleep in the arms of her God  
And taken her place in the dust of the sod.

The father who's striven with patience and  
will

To care for the mother and children, is still;  
He's gone to his rest and his spirit has fled,  
He sleeps in the grave with the numberless  
dead.

The rich and the poor and the young and  
the old

Have gone to their sleep where they lie in  
the fold.

There are millions of souls that have gone  
on their way

To lands that are thought to be brighter than  
day.

So man was created and placed on the earth,  
With care and with burden soon after his  
birth;



---

---

## THE DAYS THAT ARE FLEETING

---

He lives and he hopes, though a care and a  
slave  
From time of his birth till he lies in the  
grave.



## CARRY ME BACK

Carry me back to the scenes of my childhood,  
Carry me back to my home when a boy;  
There just to roam in the dense of the wild-  
wood,  
There to live over the days of my joy.

Thoughts of my childhood about me still  
flowing,  
Vivid impressions grow stronger with  
time;  
Live as I may in the years that are going,  
Fond recollections will always be mine.

Give me the hopes of my youth that were  
glowing,  
Take me away from the turmoil and strife;  
Carry me back again just to be growing  
Fondly surmising the fruits of a life.



---

## CARRY ME BACK

---

Resting, O resting, serenely reclining,  
Viewing the world with the least bit of  
care,  
Pleasantly dreaming, the future divining,  
While I would sit in the old rocking chair.

Give me, O give me, my youth to live over!  
Back to my childhood allow me to fly!  
When in the fields I would roam through the  
clover,  
Chasing the butterfly into the sky.

Give me, O give me, the sweetness of slum-  
ber!  
Cuddled and tucked away snugly in bed;  
Mother's caresses I never could number,  
Countless were they on my wee sleepy  
head.

Carry me back to my childhood's adorning,  
Carry me back to my youth and my play;  
Carry me back to my life's early morning,  
Carry me back and allow me to stay.



## THE WHITE MULE

I thought the world peculiar, when I taught  
the country school,  
The boys and girls were brawny, and the  
flogging was the rule.

I had a mule I'd ride to school, 'twas white as  
driven snow,  
'Twas down in old Missouri, in the days of  
long ago.

He had a reputation, known throughout the  
neighborhood,  
He'd never kick nor worry me, was always  
kind and good.

The children climbed upon his back, and  
they would stroke his curls,  
He was a country favorite with all the boys  
and girls.



---

## THE WHITE MULE

---

This mule would always take me seven miles  
and back each day;

I lived at home with mother and I had no  
board to pay.

Each morning at the break of day, while  
stars were yet aglow,  
I'd mount the old white mule, and on the  
road to school I'd go.

'Twas customary then, along about the  
Christmas time,  
For schools to lock the teacher out, and make  
him treat them fine

To feast of fruit and candy, ere the door  
should ope again;  
'Twas down in old Missouri, in the winter  
time and rain.

Three days they kept me out, and in the damp  
and chilly air,  
The old white mule stayed by me, took me  
home and back with care.



---

## THE WHITE MULE

---

The third day in the morning, when I rode  
up to the door,  
'Twas opened wide before me, mid a whoop  
and wild uproar.

They all came out to greet me, with a noose  
at end of rope;  
They tried to lariat me, and to take me down  
the slope

To stream of sparkling water, there to duck  
me in the pool.  
The old white mule, a friend of mine, then  
took me from the school.

He seemed to know the reason, for he looked  
up to the sky,  
He pricked his ears and raised his head, and  
took me on the fly.

He took me down the road; at end of lane  
and timber street,  
Looked back to view the scene, then started  
on in full retreat.



---

## THE WHITE MULE

---

We went so fast my hat dropped off, nor did  
I stop for it,  
We kept on going o'er the bumps, as fast as  
we could hit.

Cy McElvane was with me, and a bodyguard  
was he,  
He rode a fine bay mare along, beside the  
mule with me.

He was a bold and stalwart man, he'd "lick  
them all" he said,  
But when the boys came after me, he rode  
away instead.

Next morning I was back, and everything  
was pleasant now,  
The board had taken up the deal, and settled  
all the row.

The school was fine from that time on, I  
never saw the beat!  
Upon the last day of the school, I gave them  
all a treat.



---

## THE WHITE MULE

---

The old white mule had saved the day, for  
he was true and bold,  
I never should have sold him, for his total  
weight in gold.



## FRIENDS

The friends that are true and steadfast, that  
stand the test through life,  
Are those that are made in youth's time, ere  
come the days of strife.

The friendships and acquaintances thus form  
a lasting tie,  
They're kindled with the flames of love that  
never, never die.

The memories of childhood's days that lin-  
ger for all time  
Are dearest of all memories, though sum-  
mit's height we climb.

The time allotted us on earth in this short  
span of life  
Is fraught with hardships for us here in all  
our earthly strife.



---

---

## FRIENDS

---

But friends we need and friends we'll have  
if we will strive and plan  
To lighten cares of all who live, and help our  
fellow man.



## WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

When the frost is on the meadow  
And the leaves begin to rattle,  
And the corn is in the crib  
To feed the sheep and cattle;  
When you feel the cooling breeze  
That breaks the summer's drouth,  
And watch the flight of birds  
As they journey to the South,  
And when the moaning winds  
Around your home place sigh,  
And your fuel bin is full  
To keep you warm and dry,  
It's then a fellow 'prec'ates  
The long hard summer's work;  
When the frost is on the meadow  
And the leaves begin to rattle,  
And the corn is in the crib  
To feed the sheep and cattle.



---

## WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

---

When the wheat is cut and threshed,  
And the bins are full of grain,  
And the plowing all is over,  
And the seeding done again,  
When the apples all are picked  
And potatoes, too, are dug,  
And the other garden truck  
Is stowed away all snug;  
When the boys and girls go nutting,  
And they gather from the trees  
A supply of goodly picking  
For their winter evening bees;  
When the baseball season's over  
And the football takes its place,  
Then the frost is on the meadow,  
And the leaves begin to rattle,  
And the corn is in the crib  
To feed the sheep and cattle.

When the landscape all is colored  
With hues of brown and yellow,  
And the squirrel snugly stores  
His rations in his cellar,



---

## WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

---

And the dry and husky leaves  
Have fallen thick in heaps,  
And the swine all follow quickly  
For a place to lie and sleep;  
And the hauling all is done,  
And the mow is full of hay,  
And when the stock is sheltered  
From a cold and stormy day;  
Oh! it's then you feel secure  
In your cozy, happy home,  
When the frost is on the meadow  
And the leaves begin to rattle  
And the corn is in the crib  
To feed the sheep and cattle.

The atmosphere is bracing  
As you sniff the morning air,  
For the torrid summer's over  
With rejoicing everywhere;  
We miss the summer dews  
And the music of the bees,  
And the singing of the birds  
As they fly among the trees,



---

## WHEN THE SUMMER TIME IS OVER

---

But the air is cool and crisp  
And your step is quick and spry,  
And you feel like being thankful  
For the good things all laid by.  
Yes, the summer time is over  
And the winter's coming on,  
When the frost is on the meadow  
And the leaves begin to rattle,  
And the corn is in the crib  
To feed the sheep and cattle.



## WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

There is sadness in the forest  
When the leaves begin to fall;  
There is sadness in the music  
When the winds begin to call;  
And it's rustle and it's bustle  
And it's hustle all the time,  
For the trees have shed their clothing  
And the fall is on decline;  
And the trees are seeming lonely  
From the losing of their green,  
And the winds are moaning weirdly  
As they whistle by unseen;  
And the squirrels pranks are playing  
As they skip from tree to tree,  
And they chatter and they clatter  
As they crack their nuts in glee;  
And the air is cool and bracing  
In the early morning dawn,



---

## WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL

---

With the sparkle of the crystal  
Of the frost upon the lawn;  
And the roads are strewn with teaming  
In the hauling of the grain,  
And the farmer is rejoicing  
In his flowing wealth and gain.  
There's a sadness in the forest,  
For the winter time is near,  
And the snowing and the blowing  
And the freezing will be here.  
Let us then prepare for winter  
While the weather's good and fine;  
For the trees have shed their clothing  
And the fall is on decline.



## WINTER TIME

When the wind is fiercely blowing  
    Hard against your window pane,  
And you sit inside and listen  
    To the spatter of the rain;  
When the pasture fields are hidden  
    From their wonted coats of green,  
And the stock is sheltered warmly  
    From the blast and stormy scene;  
When the day is cold and dreary  
    And the clouds are hanging low,  
And the ground with white is covered  
    With the crystal flakes of snow;  
When the boys and girls are coasting  
    Down the sloping of the side,  
With their glee and joyful shouting  
    As they onward rush and glide;  
When the streams and lakes are frozen  
    And the ice is thick and fine,  
And the boys and girls are skating  
    And they have a jolly time;



---

## WINTER TIME

---

When the winter storms are raging  
And they howl and rave and roar,  
And the blizzard winds are striving  
Hard to enter at your door;  
When you sit with wife and children  
In your home that's warm and neat,  
And you gather at the table  
Where you talk and jest and eat;  
O it's then you're feeling grateful  
To the God who reigns above,  
For the good and many blessings  
In the home you dearly love;  
And it's then you've peaceful slumber,  
You are safe from winter's harm;  
Let it snow and rain and thunder,  
Winter's storms have no alarm.  
In your cozy home of plenty  
You are happy and content,  
For you worked in clement weather  
And no idle moments spent.  
None should envy, or begrudge you  
All your wealth and honest gain,  
For you worked in clement weather  
And lay by in storm and rain.



## LEAVES

'Tis autumn of year and the leaves have all  
fallen,

For days they've been flitting and going  
astray;

They rustle and hurry, in open they scurry,  
And bustle and sputter and flutter away.

They drift into corners and lie in the hol-  
lows,

They're red and they're yellow and orange  
and brown;

They lie all around and they gather and  
scatter,

And cover the lawn like feathery down.

The leaves are all drifting and shifting and  
sifting—

How sadly they sing for a day and a day!  
They lie in the damp and in snows of the  
winter;

In heat of the sun of the spring they decay.



## WORK

It's not what you have done, my brother,  
Nor what you are going to do;  
It's what you are doing now, brother,  
That counts in the struggle for you.

It's the will and the grit, young fellow,  
It's work that is honestly done  
That the world to-day is in need of,  
So hump yourself to it, my son.

If you'd win in the game, my brother,  
When others about you would fail,  
Then to-day start in on your journey  
And go straight ahead on the trail.

It is now you should start, my brother,  
And do what you can on the way;  
There is plenty of work, my brother,  
And workers are needed to-day.



---

## WORK

---

There's no room in the world for idlers,  
There's room at the top if you work;  
There's no room on the round for others,  
No room in the world for the shirk.

Are you waiting for something, brother,  
A job that is easy to do?  
If you're waiting for this, my brother,  
'Twill be a long waiting for you.

There is only one way, my brother,  
There's only one road I should guess;  
It's the road where you toil, my brother,  
The only one road to success.

There's a field that is open, brother,  
The one that is calling for you;  
There is room at the top, my brother,  
Go climbing and prove it is true.



## JENNIE, THE BRAVE

The night was dark and foreboding,  
The stars were hidden from sight;  
With roar and rumble of thunder  
Came flash of lightning that night.

'Twas Jennie Smith and her mother,  
Who lived alone in the glen,  
Their cottage faced on the river,  
For years 'twas shelter for them.

A rain was falling in torrents,  
A cloud had burst in the sky;  
The stream was fearfully swollen,  
The bridge was reeling near by.

When, in a moment stood Jennie,  
With lantern swung at her side;  
The train that soon would be coming  
Was doomed to go with the tide.



---

## JENNIE, THE BRAVE

---

She sprang and quickly was scaling  
In dark and storm of the night;  
On hands and knees she was crawling,  
The lantern, only, her light.

Thus she, undaunted and conscious,  
And with a sigh and a tear,  
Had nerved herself for the effort,  
For all depended on her.

To save the lives of the people,  
Her only thought at the time,  
And thinking not of her danger,  
She reached the end of her climb.

With ear at rail she would listen,  
For those aboard she must save;  
So, like a deer that was fleeing,  
She sped, and signal she gave.

She swung the light of the lantern  
Across the track as she'd wave;  
The engineer at the throttle  
Slowed down for Jennie, the brave.



---

## JENNIE, THE BRAVE

---

She saved from wreck most appalling,  
That night in storm and the rain,  
All those who'd taken their passage  
On board the fast moving train.

A purse was raised for the brave one,  
She spurned the gold as her right,  
For she'd done nothing to warrant  
A gift from people that night.

But all she cared for and wanted,  
Appreciation she'd won;  
She'd saved the lives of the people—  
Her duty, only, she'd done.



## THE WISE MOUSE

One morning in June,  
The fourth, I should say,  
To canyon we went  
To fish for the day.  
A warehouse was found,  
'Twas dirty as sin,  
Permission had we  
To enter therein.  
The party, composed  
Of Reeves and his frau,  
Two daughters and son  
And I, with a vow  
Determined to fish  
For trout in the stream;  
We made a good catch  
That day it would seem.  
A dozen or more  
I fried of the fish;  
'Tis useless to say  
We relished the dish.



---

## THE WISE MOUSE

---

Our table was made  
Of boxes and brick;  
We ate and we ate  
With fingers and stick.  
While eating there came  
A snake and a mouse,  
And racing were they  
Across the warehouse.  
The snake tried to catch  
The mouse at a dash;  
Across the warehouse  
It ran like a flash.  
The studding was reached,  
And fast as it could  
The mouse scampered up  
This studding of wood.  
The snake on its trail  
Discovered the mouse  
Was planning to reach  
The top of the house.  
So, climbing it went  
Above the main door,  
When suddenly fell  
The mouse to the floor.



---

## THE WISE MOUSE

---

It lay on its back  
And seemingly said,  
“Now, just pass me up,  
I’m perfectly dead.”  
The snake came again  
And saw the mouse lay  
A-flat of its back,  
So, passed on its way.  
A snake will not eat  
A thing that is dead,  
It must be alive  
And moving instead.  
All this was a sham  
On part of the mouse;  
The snake shambled off  
To end of the house.  
No sooner than done,  
No sooner than said,  
The mouse ran away  
And scampered to bed.



## IN THE RANGES OF THE WEST

Where the sunlit sky is azure  
In the ranges of the West,  
And the air is crisp and bracing  
In the shadows of the crest;  
Where the bold and sturdy mountains  
With their snowy caps are seen,  
And their sloping sides are swollen  
With the grandeur of the green,  
And the cataracts are splashing  
Over boulders on their way,  
Mid the sighing of the forest  
With its greetings of a lay;  
Where the earth is thickly covered  
With the moss that's grown for years,  
And there's seeping and there's weeping  
From its grime and slimy tears;  
Where the rocks are simply dangling  
From the cliff that bends above,  
And the eagles there are soaring  
To protect their young and love;



Where the bears, both black and grizzly,  
In a sullen, angry mood,  
Noted as they are for shyness,  
Venture forth in search of food;  
Where the mountain goats are climbing  
Up the rocky cliff and steep,  
And are searching for their feeding  
As they skip and jump and leap;  
Where the waters go a-plunging  
In their madness and their roar  
Through the dark and narrow passes,  
Plunging there forever more;  
Mid their turbulence and wending,  
Wild with ecstasy and glee,  
Always sparkling and descending,  
Rushing onward to the sea;  
This is where I stroll and ramble,  
Drinking in the mountain air;  
And I eat and sleep and wander  
In the beauty everywhere.



## FELLOWSHIP WITH NATURE

The flowers, the trees, the leaves, the rocks,  
the lake,

The ocean, flowing stream, the waterfall,  
The brook, the beasts of field, the fowls of  
air,

All speak to man in tones of fellowship  
And love; and thoughts sublime are brought  
forth where

All nature holds communion with mankind.  
Man need not lonely be where nature speaks  
To him of beauties in the forest haunts.  
The highest type of thought there is in man,  
Comes forth, resplendent, from the hill and  
dale,

As, when in full companionship he talks  
And there communes with woods and stones  
and streams;

Hears birds that sing, sees squirrels gambol in  
The trees, and chipmunks dart to their abodes;



---

## FELLOWSHIP WITH NATURE

---

And breathes, inhales the sweet perfumes of  
woods.

The sky, the setting sun, the air we breathe,  
The changing seasons all give evidence  
To man of plan divine in nature's work.  
Through space, illimitable, infinite,  
The stars and sun give light by night and day  
For man to glorify the works of Him  
Who gave the world and clothed with beauty it  
For habitation, all for his delight.  
Rejoice, then, live obedient to Him,  
And blest is he who heeds His wondrous plan.



## NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

The road winds down a gulch in a zigzag on  
its way,  
It leads through forest wilds where the rip-  
pling waters play.

The tumbling, rumbling, plunging and leaping  
waterway  
Comes splashing down the stream in a mist  
of foaming spray.

The whirlpool and the boulder lie 'neath the  
sunlight's gleam,  
The jagged rocks are bending above the  
swirling stream.

The waterfall's a wonder, it sparkles in the  
air,  
It's pouring o'er the prec'pice in mystic beauty  
rare.



---

## NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

---

There are glaciers in the Cascades and snow  
peaks in the sky,  
There are lakes of cold blue water upon the  
mountains high.

In mountains of the Selkirks are wondrous  
fields of snow,  
They feed the raging streams in their onward  
rush and flow.

The glacier fields are wonders, from them the  
waters run,  
For aeons they have tarried beneath the glare  
of sun.

The Southland has its canyon, the Colorado's  
Grand,  
"Twould seem that it had opened to swallow  
up the land.

With scenic walls of grandeur and the raging  
water flow  
The Colorado's winding six thousand feet  
below.



---

## NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

---

I stand upon the brink of the greatest wonder  
scene

And view, in admiration, the picture on the  
screen.

The terraced walls of splendor, in crimson,  
pink and gray,  
Two hundred miles are gleaming along the  
waterway.

The Yellowstone's a wonder with nature's  
pleasing thrills,  
There are rugged scenes of grandeur mid  
God's eternal hills.

The geysers play to hundreds of tourists  
through the day,  
They spout in all their splendor with gleaming  
beauty spray.

The world should know the grandeur of rug-  
ged mountain wilds,  
For 'tis the place where heaven, with nature,  
ever smiles.



---

## NATURE'S WONDER SCENES

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Then would I urge the toiler, the weary and  
the worn  
To bask in wonder scenes, ere they pass unto  
their bourn.



## THINGS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

Have you ever seen the splendor  
Of the rising of the sun  
And the gleaming and the beaming  
When the morning has begun?

Have you ever seen the woodland  
When the snows begin to fall  
And the white flakes gather gently  
Over woods and hills and all?

Have you ever chased the rabbits  
Where the snows have fallen deep  
O'er the hills and in the hollows,  
Round them up like flocks of sheep?

Have you ever stopped to listen  
To a hooting owl, with fright,  
Saying, "Who, who, who, who are you  
Out so late this dreary night?"



---

## THINGS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

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Have you ever gone a-fishing  
On a bright and sunny day  
Up into the rugged mountains  
Where the rippling waters play?

Have you ever seen the ocean  
With its great and swelling crest  
And the ships of commerce floating  
From the East and from the West?

Have you ever seen the grandeur  
Of the setting of the sun  
When the streams of light are golden  
And the work of day is done?

If you never have been seeing  
Things like these throughout your life  
Then you've missed the half of living  
In this busy world of strife.



CLIMBING

I've been climbing up the mountain,  
And its peaks are wondrous high;  
I've been climbing up its pathway,  
Climbing up into the sky.

Up and up the mountain higher,  
Step by step I wend my way;  
I have reached unto the summit,  
Where I ramble all the day.

Up above the clouds I'm strolling,  
Where the sun is bright and fair,  
And the rain below is sending  
Freshness through the mountain air.

Up above the forest limit  
Rocks are steeples in the sky,  
High and higher I have rambled,  
Where the eagles never fly.



---

## CLIMBING

---

Standing, now, upon the summit,  
    'Midst the handiwork of God,  
Awe-inspiring is the stillness  
    On the height that I have trod.

Still admiring, still divining,  
    Can there be a thing more grand  
Than the mountain scene I'm viewing  
    From the summit where I stand?



## THE COLUMBIA

A thousand miles through gorge and plain  
The mighty boulders stand,  
They check Columbia's wild career  
While flowing swift and grand.

From glaciers in the northern clime,  
From melting snow peaks grand,  
Come waters roaring on their way  
Along Columbia's strand.

The dancing, prancing, sparkling flow  
Within the sunlight's gleam,  
Is playing to the forest scenes  
Adown the mountain stream.

The waters flow so swift and great  
Through mountain glade and lea,  
They pass along Columbia's strand  
While moving to the sea.



---

## THE COLUMBIA

---

The plunging, tumbling, foaming stream  
Goes winding through the land,  
Forever wending on its way  
Along Columbia's strand.

All hail Columbia's mighty flow  
From mountain peak and grand,  
It leaps and flows and pours and roars  
Along the shifting sand.

Down by the sea it empties wide,  
It heaves a bar of sand,  
It pours into the deep blue sea  
From off Columbia's strand.



## GRANDFATHER'S FARM

My grandfather's farm in the valley,  
It lies by the little old stream;  
The spring from the hill is still flowing,  
And sparkles in sun and the gleam.

My grandfather's farm in the woodland,  
O many's the time there in June,  
O'er hills and the hollows and meadows,  
I've wandered along the Raccoon.

'Twas there in my childhood I wandered,  
In fancy I roam through the scene;  
I roam in the midst of the wildwood,  
In fields that are fragrant and green.

I'd stroll in the shade of the orchard,  
I'd stroll, when a child in my dream,  
Along where the bees gathered honey  
In meadows near by the old stream.



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## GRANDFATHER'S FARM

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My grandfather's farm in the valley,  
How oft have I romped there in glee;  
The grass, the clover, the orchard,  
Were ever so charming to me.

The beech tree, the sugar, the willow  
Are part of my life's early charm;  
They carry me back to my childhood  
When grandfather lived on the farm.

My grandfather's gone from the valley,  
There never again will he tread;  
My grandfather's gone now forever;  
He sleeps in the vale of the dead.



## EARLY SCENES

Among the recollections  
That oft I now recall  
The early scenes of childhood  
Are dearest of them all.  
There was a dear old playground  
Near by my boyhood home,  
'Twas in a grand old forest  
Where oft within I'd roam.

The spring time seemed the fairest  
When leaves were forming new  
Throughout the dear old forest  
With sunbeams peeping through.  
The playful, dancing sunbeams,  
I've watched them by the hour  
While playing on the bluegrass  
Beneath the leafy bower.

'Twas there that squirrels builded  
Their nests high in the trees



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## EARLY SCENES

---

Within the leafy branches  
That wafted to the breeze.  
'Twas there the birds sang sweetest  
In spring time of the year,  
And in the leaves they nestled  
Without molest or fear.

The odor from the plant life  
Would scent the woodland scene,  
The dearest haunts of youth time  
Were in the forest green.  
The forest scenes are brightest,  
The brightest I recall—  
Of early scenes of childhood  
They're dearest of them all.



## I'VE BEEN THINKING

I've been thinking of the spring time  
When the sky is clear and blue,  
And of strolling on the hillside  
When I've nothing else to do.

I've been thinking of the spring time  
When the world is bright and fair,  
Of the budding of the plant life  
With its beauty everywhere.

I've been thinking of the sunshine  
And the blade of grass that grows,  
Of the coming of the showers  
And the blooming of the rose.

I've been thinking of the open  
Where the pasture fields are green,  
And the bluebells are in blossom  
And the violets are seen.



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## I'VE BEEN THINKING

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I've been thinking of the country  
Where the winding roads are fine,  
And the strolling is delightful  
In the spring and summer time.

I've been thinking of the country,  
Of the land the farmer tills,  
And the lowing of the cattle  
That are feeding on the hills.

I've been thinking of an outing,  
Just to lounge about awhile  
Where the greeting is informal  
And I'm welcomed with a smile.

I've been thinking of the country,  
Of the farmer and his wife,  
Where they live and rear their children  
In the frugal ways of life.

I've been thinking, simply thinking,  
Of the way the farmers live,  
And the blessings that await them  
For the labor that they give.



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## I'VE BEEN THINKING

---

I've been thinking, simply thinking,  
That the simple life is best  
When I stroll about the country,  
Strolling, simply as a guest.



## ECHOES OF SPRINGTIME

Over the woodland dense and wild,  
Over the hill tops bold,  
Through the lowland and the dale  
Charms of the woods are told.

Over the landscape bright and fair,  
Over the verdure green,  
With the sunshine and the rain  
Signs of the spring are seen.

Over the glare of mountain top,  
Under the heat of sun,  
From the melting of the snow  
Streams through the gorges run.

Down in the chasms dark and deep,  
Over the rocks below,  
Plunging through the narrow pass  
Onward the waters flow.



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## ECHOES OF SPRINGTIME

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Splashing and foaming as they go,  
    Silvery sparkles gleam,  
Playing in the bracing air  
    Over the frothing stream.

Over the meadows sweet and clean,  
    Skipping about in May,  
Lambs are playing on the green  
    All of the balmy day.

Out by the gently flowing stream,  
    Out with the line and pole,  
Barefoot lads are on their way  
    Down to the fishing hole.

Under the spreading maple bough  
    Where there is rest for me,  
I am lounging in the breeze  
    Under the leafy tree.



## THE PICNIC

Down beneath the willow tree  
On the velvet carpet green  
Where the rippling waters flow  
Boys and girls are seen,

On a clean and grassy plot  
In the shade for you and me  
Tablecloths are spread about  
Underneath the tree.

Laden well with food to eat  
With the best there is around,  
Gather we at noonday lunch  
Seated on the ground.

There we eat most heartily  
In the shade of willow tree;  
In the balmy air perfume  
Eat we joyfully.



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## THE PICNIC

---

On the glassy lake so fine  
In the boats we row and glide,  
Singing as we come and go  
On its bosom wide.

Up within the tree top tall  
Where the birds are wont to sing,  
There they skip from bough to bough  
Happy in the spring.

Where the tender grass is grown  
And the dew is gathering  
We are lounging on the green  
In the early spring.



## THE DEW

The dew, the dew, the beautiful dew,  
It comes at the close of the day;  
Refreshing, gives vigor and life  
To plants that wither away.

The dew, the dew, the beautiful dew,  
It gathers so gentle and sweet;  
It sparkles and glitters and smiles,  
Retards and tempers the heat.

All radiant the sun in the eve,  
The sky in the morning is blue;  
The flowers that ope in the night,  
In morning, glisten with dew.

The dew, the dew, the heavenly dew,  
It comes in the stillness of night;  
It touches and tenderly soothes,  
Until the breaking of light.



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## MOTHER

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### MOTHER

Are you weeping now, my mother?  
Have I disappointed you?  
I have often heard you praying  
That I might be good and true.

I have wandered far, dear mother,  
From the straight and narrow way;  
Yet, I'm thinking always of you  
And the way you'd often pray.

I have traveled far, dear mother,  
I have sailed the wintry sea;  
And the world is hard and cruel,  
It has often seemed to me.

I could ne'er forget you, mother,  
Though I wandered far away,  
And the blessings that you gave me  
Seemed to follow day by day.



---

## MOTHER

---

Would I were as you would have me,  
Pure as gold and true as steel,  
For I know that you are praying  
As you did when I would kneel.

I remember when you taught me  
In my little trundle bed,  
How to ask to be forgiven  
For the things that I had said.

I remember that you told me  
God was good and ever near,  
That He'd promised all the children  
If they prayed that He would hear.

Do not weep for me, dear mother,  
Let me see your smile, instead,  
As I did when I was near you  
In my little trundle bed.



LOVE

I love to sit by the flowing stream  
And watch the leaves go by;  
I love to see the fleeting clouds  
As they flit across the sky.  
I love to sit by the flowing stream,  
Beneath the willow tree,  
And listen to the birds that sing  
As they fly about in glee.

I love to stand on the mountain top  
Amid the snowy peaks,  
And listen to the wondrous voice  
Of the living God that speaks.  
I love to stroll up the mountain side  
And watch the sunlight's gleam;  
I love the dear old hill and dale  
As I do the flowing stream.

I love to sit by the garden gate  
And watch the bud that grows,



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## LOVE

---

I love to view the garden scene  
Where I scent the blooming rose.  
I love to sit by the cradle side  
And watch the babe that sleeps,  
I love to watch the mother's love  
And the one who loves and weeps.

I love to sit by the surging sea  
Where breakers come and go,  
I love to watch the swelling crest  
Where the tide doth ebb and flow.  
I love to think of the love that's true  
And fresh as morning dew ;  
I love to think that God is love  
And the love that's always true.



## SPEAK KINDLY

Why should you speak unkindly  
Of foes, or any one?  
Why should you judge your fellows  
For things they've never done?  
Speak only good of others  
When speaking to a friend;  
You may not be much better  
Than gossip that you send.

The world is full of beauty,  
You need not see the bad;  
Just hold your tongue, my brother,  
And don't make others sad.  
The words that you have spoken,  
Though even in a jest,  
May pierce the heart, in sorrow,  
Until the final rest.

Speak gently, kindly, brother,  
Of all of whom you speak;



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## SPEAK KINDLY

---

The world will be the brighter  
And you will help the weak.  
But those who always gossip,  
Misfortune will befall—  
The unkind words they've spoken,  
They never can recall.

You cannot know the reason  
Why many things are done;  
So, do not speak unkindly  
Of foes, or any one.  
Do what you can, my brother,  
With heart that's kind and true,  
And others will be grateful  
For things you've tried to do.



GOOD BYE

I take my leave for distant land,  
Good bye, old friend, good bye;  
I've lived beside you many years,  
Good bye, old friend, good bye.

I've had your help in many ways,  
I've struggled by your side,  
Enjoyed your friendship good and true,  
While you and I have tried.

I've seen the land wherein we live,  
The wealth that it has brought  
To you and me through all these years  
That we have lived and wrought.

Our friendship ne'er has been denied,  
I count my friends my worth;  
'Tis better, far, to have our friends  
Than all the wealth of earth.



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## GOOD BYE

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My neighbors, kind and true have been,  
And grateful should I be  
For all the blessings I've received  
While living here with thee.

The greatest sin in this old world,  
Ingratitude, I deem,  
And should I leave without regret  
Ungrateful would it seem.

I take my leave for distant land,  
Good bye, old friend, good bye;  
I've lived beside you many years,  
Good bye, old friend, good bye.



## BILL WATKINS

Bill Watkins is an optimist,  
As every one can see,  
He's sober and industrious  
And cheerful as can be.

He sees the good and not the bad,  
In everything that goes;  
He says this world is good enough  
For any one he knows.

He goes about his work with will,  
And doesn't shirk a bit,  
And what his neighbors have to say  
He doesn't care a whit.

He bought a piece of land one day,  
With title good and clear,  
Agreed to pay upon the tract  
A goodly sum each year.



---

BILL WATKINS

---

He built a house upon this land  
And worked and tugged along;  
His neighbors said and said again  
It wasn't worth a song.

He went to work and plowed the land,  
With horses all his own,  
He planted corn and other truck  
And then a crop was grown.

The neighbors now did all agree  
That he was one of few;  
They merely changed their gossiping  
And said that he would do.

He was, indeed, a thrifty man,  
Because he made things go;  
Nothing at all went wrong with him  
When the price of grain was low.

Bill was a man, a manly man,  
He'd never fret nor stew,  
He'd pleasure and encouragement  
In everything he'd do.



---

BILL WATKINS

---

He made himself a useful man  
In doing what he could,  
To help along the church and school  
In all the neighborhood.

His task was hard 'most all the time,  
But strong in mind and health,  
He loved his work and went ahead  
And added to his wealth.

And when he'd gathered all the wealth  
That any one should want,  
He started out around the world  
Upon a little jaunt.

He went aboard the greatest ship  
That sailed for foreign shores,  
He sat around upon the deck  
And chatted with the bores.

Far out upon the wintry sea  
His wife began to cry,  
"A storm is hard upon us now,  
The waves are rolling high.



---

BILL WATKINS

---

“My head is swaying to and fro,  
My heart is beating quick,  
For everything is coming up  
And I am feeling sick.”

And fierce and strong still swept the gale  
With all its might and main;  
Bill only shouted to his wife,  
“We’ll soon be home again.”

“Fear not, my dear, fear not,” said he,  
“It’s just a little breeze;  
The ship’s as strong and safe a one  
As ever sailed the seas.”

“If I get out of this,” she cried,  
“And reach my little home,  
I’ll never go again to sail  
Upon the briny foam.”

Then down upon her knees she went  
And wept most bitter tears;  
She prayed the Lord to save her from  
The worst of all her fears.



“Oh! should I die upon this ship  
And fall asleep in Thee,  
Cast Thou me not to angry waves  
That roll upon the sea.”

“O no! my dear, O no!” said Bill,  
“If such a thing should be,  
I’ll take you to our little home  
And place you ’neath a tree.”

And Bill was now a favorite  
With all the folks he knew;  
He’d been around this big, old world  
And learned a thing or two.

He visited Jerusalem  
Where Christ was crucified,  
He followed up the river Nile  
And saw that land of pride.

He touched upon the coast en route  
Along the southern sea,  
Exploring everything in sight  
From Rome to Galilee.



---

BILL WATKINS

---

He visited the frigid zone  
Where dwell the Eskimo;  
He saw the land of midnight sun  
With all its ice and snow.

He sailed again the wintry sea  
Across the swelling foam,  
Returning to America,  
His native land and home.

He's back upon his little farm  
As happy as you please,  
He's telling stories of his trip  
And taking life at ease.



## MEMORIES

Tenderly strewn are the flowers that are  
grown

Over the graves of the dear ones we've  
known;

Silent they lie in the vale of the dead,  
Hallowing ground that we wantonly tread.  
Father and mother have crossed o'er the bar,  
Entered have they where the gates stand ajar;  
Sadly we miss them, as thoughts we recall  
Forever that hang on memory's wall.

Brother and sister have passed o'er the way,  
Leaving, O leaving, forever to stay;  
Silent we weep, growing older in years  
Over our loss we have watered with tears.  
List to the voice of the fast-fading year  
And of our youth that will soon disappear;  
List to the voice that is dearest of all,  
Enchanted and hung on memory's wall.



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## MEMORIES

---

Sleeping, yes, sleeping, there under the sky,  
Young and the old, where they quietly lie;  
Sleeping and sleeping, forever they sleep,  
Under the green that we faithfully keep.  
Blossoms have faded from youth and our glee,  
Flowers no longer are blooming for me;  
Flowers that bloom in the summer and fall,  
Reminding, they hang on memory's wall.



## I'VE BEEN TO SEE THE OLD HOME PLACE

I've been to see the old home place, I longed  
to see once more ;

I wandered o'er the hill and dale I'd wandered  
o'er before.

The scenes were not at all the same, the scenes  
upon the farm,

The buildings all had been removed where  
stood the house and barn.

New buildings had replaced the old, as fine as  
seldom seen ;

'Twas not the same old home to me, the home  
upon the green.

The orchard was depleted some, the apples  
were but few,

From off the place they'd disappeared, the  
plums and cherries, too.



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## I'VE BEEN TO SEE THE OLD HOME PLACE

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The forest scenes were not the same, they  
looked so queer to me,

The woodman's ax had done its work and  
scarcely left a tree.

The worm-rail fence could not be found, the  
fence that used to be,

The woven wire was there instead that  
stretched across the lea.

The same old posts were in the ground, the  
posts of years ago,

From which the gate had always hung  
a-swinging to and fro.

The spring was there beside the hill, the water,  
just as cold

As when I drank the sparkling draught in  
former days of old.

One place there was, most dear to me, that  
was the fishing hole;

I often went on Sunday there with hook and  
line and pole.

The mill that stood nearby the stream looked  
just the same to me



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I'VE BEEN TO SEE THE OLD HOME PLACE

---

As when I took the grist to grind in youth so  
blithe and free.

The swimming hole I visited, 'twas 'neath the  
willow tree,

No change at all had taken place so far as I  
could see.

Those days were fine old days for me, I was  
a barefoot boy;

I'd run and romp and climb and play in end-  
less ways of joy.

I'd drive the cows beyond the hills, the place  
for them to graze,

I'd go for them at eventide through all the  
summer days.

We didn't have the auto then, the travel was  
more sane;

We never dreamed there'd ever be the deadly  
aeroplane.

These days are not the days of old, they're  
classed as great and grand;

New-fangled ways of doing things I can't  
quite understand.



## THE SEASONS

Grass is growing in the spring time,  
Beasts are feeding o'er the way;  
Lowling herds are wending slowly  
From their moorings of the day.

Streams are flowing through the forest,  
Birds are singing here and there;  
Breezes soft are gently wafting  
Sweet with music everywhere.

Woful heat comes in the summer,  
Vegetation grows for all;  
We are reaping, we are storing  
Through the heat and through the fall.

In the autumn comes a sadness,  
Leaves are falling from the tree;  
It was willed by the Creator,  
Thus it was, 'twill always be.



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## THE SEASONS

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Hoary frost comes in the winter,  
Wintry blasts blow fierce and fast;  
Hearth stones, warm, are ever glowing  
Till the winter storms are past.

Autumn, winter, spring and summer,  
Come and go as years go by;  
And with blessings they are calling  
For us all to live and try.



## MAN'S DESTINY

The One who tempers winds and stills the  
waves

And watches over every living thing,  
The ruler of the universe, leaves man  
To shape his destiny, conform to the  
Divine laws and rejoice in all His works.  
To man is given right divine to live,  
To choose between the right and wrong in  
life;

And he who thinks and acts upon his thoughts  
Within the scope of reason, arms himself  
With weapons none may challenge and with-  
stand.

But he who grovels in iniquity,  
Defies immutability of laws  
That govern universal rights of man,  
Forgets commands of Him who doeth all  
Things well, doth shape his destiny in doom.



## THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

O many's the time when in youth I would  
stroll

Along with boys to the old swimming hole.  
O many's the time in the blistering heat  
I'd wander away with the others to meet  
In shade of the trees and the calm of the day  
To linger awhile in some mischief and play.  
And oft were the times when at call of the roll  
We gathered to go to the old swimming hole.

We'd gather in bunches, and in our bare feet  
Would wade through the grass that was  
blooming and sweet.

How dear the remembrance when there I  
would stroll,

And dear to my heart was the old swimming  
hole

When first I would wander away to the pool



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## THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

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With playmates that gathered at close of the  
school.

O oft were the times when at close of the poll  
I'd go with the boys to the old swimming hole.

The old swimming hole, I remember so well,  
'Twas down in the stream in the shades of  
the dell.

The dearest of haunts was the old swimming  
hole;

How oft in my youth to its bosom I stole.  
O where are the boys that I romped with in  
play?

And where are the friends of the youth of  
my day?

O where are the boys that were jolly and  
droll?

They surely are gone from the old swimming  
hole.

O shall I again clasp their hands in my own  
And feel the glad welcome that once I had  
known?

Or, shall I again while I'm wandering o'er



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## THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

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This land of my pilgrimage see them no more?  
O many's the time in the sun and the gleam  
O'er meadows with boys I would stroll to the  
stream.

You talk of your wealth and you talk of your  
roll

But give me the days of the old swimming  
hole.



## THERE IS NO DEATH

The leaf has fallen from the tree,  
Becomes a part of earth;  
It comes again in fairer form,  
Renewed in second birth.

In vapor, water rises from  
The sea, descends on land;  
Returns, again, from whence it came  
And filters through the sand.

Man gropes his weary way through life,  
He passes to the grave;  
His soul, immortal, ever lives;  
To earth, his body gave.

And things, material, decay;  
The higher life lives on;  
There is no death, man's born again,  
His body, only, gone.



## MORNING

The first dim light of the morning  
Through mist of gray in the dawn,  
Comes forth in a garb of glory  
To welcome toilers of brawn.

The sun in morning shines brightly  
With streams of radiant hue,  
Lights up the earth with its gladness,  
The sky with beautiful blue.

The air is laden with fragrance  
From plants about us we see,  
The early light of the morning  
Brings forth its beauty for me.

The youth, whose life is so gallant,  
Surmising, ventures to win,  
His faith and hope are surprising,  
When early morning comes in.



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## MORNING

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Success in life he is planning,  
Of fame and fortune he dreams;  
His life is wondrously charming  
In early morning it seems.

Thus, he who'd win in the struggle  
Will start with rise of the sun,  
He'll shoulder care with its burden  
Before the noon has begun.



## THE DOG

With wealth and honor and standing,  
Your friends are seeking for you;  
In sickness, poverty, sorrow,  
Your friends are never so true.

The people, who're ready and willing  
And prone to fall at your feet,  
Are first to vex and desert you  
When with reverses you meet.

Your reputation and honor,  
In time unguarded by you,  
May fly away in a moment  
And leave you friends that are few.

There's one unselfish and faithful  
That counts not gold at its worth;  
He lives and stands by his master  
Through all his troubles on earth.



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## THE DOG

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He asks for nothing that's better  
Than guard you day and at night;  
In sickness, trouble and sorrow  
For you, he's ready to fight.

He's ever ready and willing  
To serve and be at your side,  
Defend and follow you always  
Where e'er you go or reside.

His love is true and as constant  
As stars that twinkle above;  
He watches over his master,  
And none can question his love.

He's absolutely unselfish,  
A friend that's never untrue;  
If you are only a pauper,  
His love is constant for you.



## STORY OF A MOUSE

A little mouse said to her children at play  
“I’m planning to tell you a story to-day.”

The little mice eager, and all very good,  
Surrounded their mother as little mice should.

“Now, children, I’m glad your attention you’ll  
give,  
I’ll tell you all how I have managed to live.

“My parents were cunning and sly as could be,  
They’d scamper and scamper for brother and  
me.

“So kind and so good to us children were they,  
They wanted us happy throughout the whole  
day.

“Advice they would give us and hand it down  
pat,  
‘Beware of the trap and the old tommy cat.’



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## STORY OF A MOUSE

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“I didn’t think much of advice in those days,  
Nor little I cared for their silly old ways.

“My father and mother were both very good,  
And high in esteem with their neighbors they  
stood.

“They did what they could in the giving advice,  
Devised many ways for the little sly mice

“In which to escape from the snares of the day  
And do as mice should while they hunted  
their prey.

“Now, after some time I concluded they knew  
Much better than I what their children  
should do.

“Those days were then happy for brother and  
me,  
We’d scamper all over so gaily and free.

“O happy are mice who their parents obey,  
And happy are they as they scamper and play ;



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## STORY OF A MOUSE

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“But always remember, to keep from a scrap  
You’ll have to steer clear of the cat and the  
trap.”





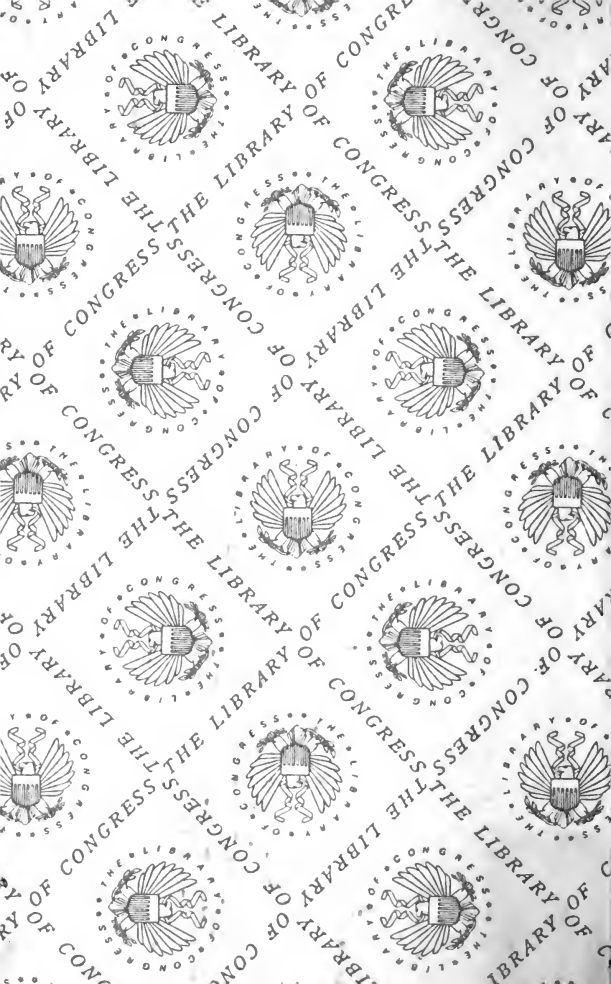




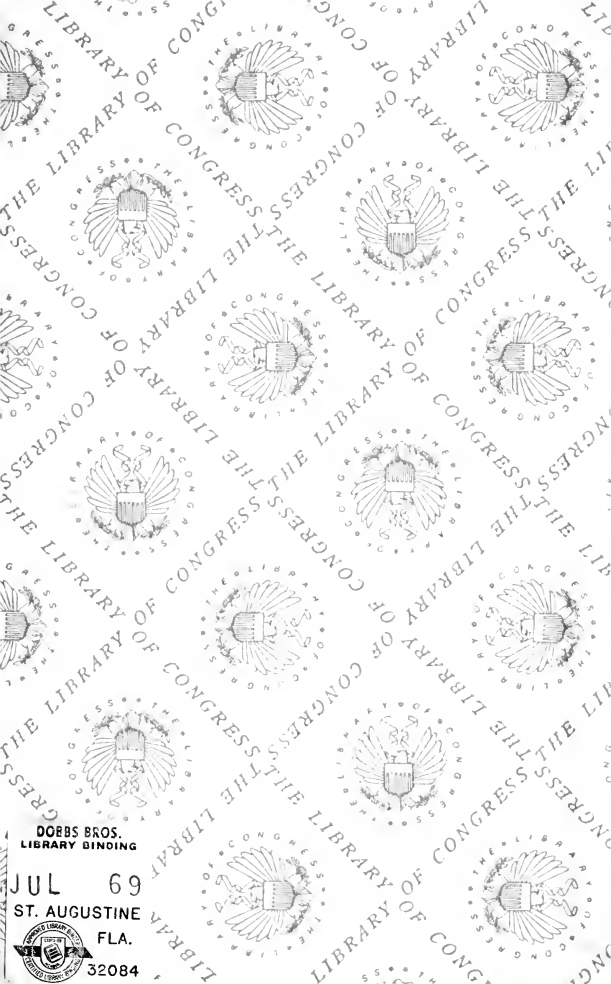












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